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ther with considerable advantage. It fell to his lot to examine the papers of the candidates for middle-class examination, and in musical efficiency the average was low, and he was instructed to put the most elementary questions. He then proceeded to observe that in cases of cathedral choirs, the youths should be trained by some college tutor, but not brought up the remainder of their hours in idleness, and allowed to run the streets, thereby growing up, perhaps, efficient musical scholars, but devoid of those Christian principles which it was so essential should go hand-in-hand with it. He also argued that the musical training should be more general in our universities, in order that clergymen might better be able to control, and take part in, and learn the services in our country churches with musical ability. The reverend baronet concluded by throwing out the suggestion that music should form part of the examination for deacons' orders, not as a matter of necessity, but as an alternative subject; and concluded his paper amidst expressions of applause.

The Rev. T. Helmore next read an interesting paper on the subject of "Church Music," with musical illustrations by the choir of Lichfield Cathedral, and harmonium accompaniment. The Rev. gentleman, after alluding to singing as a means of praise and of following out the Scriptural injunction to show our gratitude to and adoration of God, next referred to the carelessness evinced by many with regard to the proper cultivation of singing. As a means to praise and glorify God it was essentially necessary that both the clergy and the people should learn to sing, and properly cultivate whatever talent for singing they might possess. They could not expect to hear good congregational music whilst there was not a man amongst them who could use his voice musically as a singer. He did not speak so much of females, because as a rule they could always sing better than men, whether from having greater facilities for it, greater sympathy, and more frequent opportunities for practice. He then advocated at some length the formation of singing classes in all our public schools, the extension of the system of choral teaching, and also the adoption of full choral services in all our parish churches, and thus increase the devotional feeling of the people, instead of confining such services, as had been the case too much hitherto, to our cathedrals. The programme was as follows:—*Venite exultemus Domine*, Psalms 136, 137, 138 and 24; *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*; *Eterni Christumenera*; the Nicene Creed; *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; *Nunc Dimittis*; anthem, "Rejoice in the Lord;" *Gloria laus et honor*; Hymn of the Eastern Church, "Peace it is;" *Corde Natis ex parentis*; anthem, "Good Christian men, rejoice;" anthem, "Oh God, Thou art my God;" Greek evening hymn, "Past and over." The benediction was afterwards pronounced by the Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the last meeting of the successful Congress of 1867 terminated.—*Church Congress, Oct. 5.*

ROSTOCK.—Herr Müller has announced a series of fourteen subscription concerts for next winter, and has engaged, among other artists, Herren Joachim, Tausig, and Stockhausen.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Bollé, a pupil of Herr Mantius, has been engaged at the Stadtheater, in the place of Herr Schild.

"DER FREISCHÜTZ" AND THE SKULL.

The following story is told by my friend Hector Berlioz, which is as wildly sensational as if concerted in the Wolf's Glen at midnight. I give it in his own words:—"When *Der Freischütz* was first performed in Paris, I was young and enthusiastic—enthusiastic *à mourir*. Weber took my heart by storm. I had never heard such music. It drove me out of myself—it bewitched—it enthralled me. There was then a young medical student in Paris, my bosom friend. His name was Eugene Sue. The world has since known it. What Weber was to me, Weber was to him; we both venerated, we both idolized the great Carl. Night after night were we in the front row of the gallery. To us it was indeed Paradise. We never missed a representation. But tastes differ, *mon ami*. There was a fellow who came there as regular as ourselves; but when we clapped our hands he hissed—when we applauded he sneered. The animal hissed and sneered at Carl Maria von Weber! Was it endurable? No. Three times did Eugene and I fall upon him *vi et armis*, and three times was he rudely ejected from the shrine which he profaned. *Eh bien! mais le temps marche toujours*. Our first fervor for *Der Freischütz* abated, but not our friendship. One night, years after, Sue came to see me. He was then in the Hotel Dieu. 'Guess, my dear friend,' said he, 'who has died to-day in my ward? A man with a strange disease of the brain, producing distortion of the skull.' 'Eh bien! and what then?' 'Why, the man is—' 'Who?' 'The old unbeliever in *Der Freischütz*.' Again years passed over, and I had forgotten all about the matter. Sue was a great novelist. I had charge of the Grand Opera. I determined to get up *Der Freischütz*. The incantation scene was to be specially splendid. It was not until the last moment that I found I wanted a skull. Off I set to my old friend Sue. The author had not forgotten the Doctor, and his small cabinet of medical curiosities was at my service. 'Take that skull,' he said, 'but for mercy's sake be careful of it. Never was there a finer specimen of a rare disease.' Off I went with the relic of mortality. Carefully did I place it in its position among vampires and owls, and fiery serpents, and skeleton horses. It was not until the casting of the seven bullets had commenced that a thought flashed upon me. The skull! Gracious powers! it may be—it must be—it is—it is—the skull of the man who hissed *Der Freischütz*! I flew round to Sue's box; I told him my thought, and he corroborated it. Marvellous is the course of retributive justice! We leaned over the cushion, we gazed at the mute grinning basin of bone, and we said, as with one voice—'This is *Der Freischütz*! The music of Carl von Weber is thundering around you! and now, skull, hiss—hiss—hiss if you can.'"

Herr Rubinstein, who has definitively left St. Petersburg, has undertaken a concert tour through Germany, and has announced his intention to give three concerts at the Musikverein in Vienna.

Herr Joachim has taken the Grand Redoutensaal at Vienna for the purpose of giving three orchestral concerts, and the Musikverein for three quartet concerts.

PRAGUE.—A new opera, *Drahomira*, by Schebor, has been successfully produced at the Bohemian Theatre.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Oct. 1st.

DEAR MR. WATSON—I suppose it would be an impertinence to inquire if you are familiar with the heavenly beauties of Weber's Third Sonata—you, who were bred among the Muses, and have daily feasted, where I have only enjoyed occasional crumbs. As I am now studying this lovely composition, you will readily comprehend that my heart is so filled with its divine poesy that I can scarcely think of anything else; but instead of giving you my simple ecstasies, I propose to send you the intelligent enthusiasm of another—a German, too—which makes it far more authoritative, you know. The letter which I translate was written from Paris, in 1828, by a pupil of Wehrstaedt, the old German professor of whom I wrote you some time ago, who spent his life in the study of a trill in Beethoven's Twelfth Sonata, and who, during his long sojourn at Geneva, had never seen Chamounix:

"DEAR MASTER:—I have heard Weber's Third Sonata played exactly as you have so often told me to dream it. I have at last heard our poetry in A flat interpreted by a poet. How beautiful life ought to be if it fulfilled the promises that this noble composition prophecies!

"You recommend me to study with Ralkbrenner, because he plays *properly*. The day that I went to present myself to him, I read upon a yellow advertisement on the Boulevards, 'Concert of the Conservatoire. Concerto in E flat, Beethoven, executed by Franz Liszt.' The concert did not take place, but this notice made me think that the man who could play in public, and in Paris, this concerto that you think *impossible*, might be more useful to me than the author of the 'Effusio Musica.' After much search, I found a young man of eighteen years, pale and suffering, and who appeared to me so extraordinary, that I felt embarrassed in expressing my desire to study with him, because he had intended to play the Concerto of Beethoven. I had been told that he gave no lessons—for Liszt is well-known in Paris, although he lives *entirely retired*. Nevertheless, he made me seat myself at the piano; out of politeness, I suppose. Finding his instrument horribly hard, I played to him only the song of the 'Invitation à la valse.' He rose immediately from the corner where he had been dreamily sitting, and inquired with interest what it was. He did not know the piano-music of Weber. He took the music from my hands—the same copy that you remember—turned and returned it, and then commenced to play it in a manner so extraordinary, and so ingenious, that I thought I was dreaming. I assure you that Liszt did not know the 'Invitation,' and that all is not false in Paris as you said, for this young man is all simplicity. I spoke to him with warmth of the Third Sonata of Weber. 'Bring it,' he said; 'it is decided that we shall study together in future; Sundays, at two o'clock.' His playing made such an impression upon me, that during the entire week I did not wish to see anything of Paris, and I did nothing but study our Sonata previous to returning to

the Rue Montholon, where Liszt lives. I played to him the first Allegro. He smiled at the inequality of my tremolo in the commencement of the Sonata, which you call a sunrise; but it was a candid smile, which would discourage no one. Soon, at the entrance of the fairies, as we used to say at Geneva, at the *pas* danced by them on the enchanted grass, and towards the end of the first part of the Allegro, he gave me many frank signs of pleasure. I knew them by the movement of his head, which, making his long hair fall over his forehead, covered him as with a silken mantle. Suddenly, he stopped me. 'Of whom do you think when you play this piece?' he inquired, abruptly. 'Of a very beautiful English girl whom I saw at the Casino of Geneva,' I replied. He then played and re-played the first movement, as in my life, dear master, I never heard the piano played before, and as I fear I never shall hear it again, for such a moment does not arrive twice in the life of a man. It seemed to me as if I had always known this pale, young man. I tell him what I think of each bar of the Sonata, and he listens to me with gentleness. All that I tell him you advised, he immediately executes; asking, 'is it so?' with such modesty, that I feel like weeping, for that is the perfection of perfection. I assure you that Liszt did not know our Sonata. What he says of it impromptu, seems superior to what we have thought for years. I wished to leave the Sonata with him. 'I do not wish it in my house,' he said, spontaneously—for with him all is spontaneous—but bring it back, and play me another movement; afterwards, I will play it to you as well as I can.' The idea of hearing Liszt on Sunday, distracts me all the week in my other studies, and it is impossible for me to go home to the Rue du Dragon, after being with him; I prefer to wander all over Paris. Liszt lives with his mother—an excellent woman; but she does not like me. She says I weary her Franz. If you could only see, dear master, the resources that this young man finds in his instrument. He invents, instantaneously, fingerings that are more ingenious than those over which we have brooded as a hen over her eggs. He wrote down one for me, which greatly facilitates that bass passage in the Scherzo of the A flat Sonata op. 26 of Beethoven, which was your constant anxiety. He explains admirably to me the theme and variations of this Sonata, saying that he owes me a good explanation. He said of your trill, of which I talked a great deal with him, that you were not wrong, but that he did not desire to be right. I keep as treasures the papers on which he writes his remarks with a pencil which might, for size, dispute with a broomstick. The following Sunday, after I had played to him the second part of the Allegro of Weber, he seated himself at the piano with the air of a conqueror; his eyes devoured the music, and he resembled in this moment a Roman hero. I thought, 'can there be a man in the world who is capable of playing that at sight?' He turned over slowly the four pages, and suddenly played them as if two thousand people were listening, without the slightest hesitation. I felt that he played the piece to himself and not to me. I think that never an artist was greater than this young man at the moment when he thus attacked our Sonata. I thought him exhausted by the effort. He said, as if speaking to himself: 'Perhaps this is it!' Then: 'Here, you

must understand that the dream ceases, and that the reality is not less beautiful,' an expression that paints admirably, I think, the *reprise* of the Allegro; and he played again from the tremolo to the end. If this facility is surprising, the comprehension of this young man is perfectly inconceivable. After having *roulé* the last passage, instead of precipitating the movement as one is only too desirous to do, he stopped in the midst of the *meleé*, and looked calmly around to see if he would come off with the honors of the war. He slackened the second motive against which the basses precipitate themselves, and remained triumphant until the very last note was struck. After leaving Liszt that day, I arrived, in my abstraction, as far as the Porte Maillot, which is farther than your Porte Cormarin. I am now occupied with entirely new things in the other parts of the Sonata. You say that Paris counts dangers without number, for young as well as for old; but with our Sonata in my hand, I traverse almost all Paris to find Liszt, the devil, against whom they preach so much and so well at Geneva, might take me by the arm without my being conscious of it. And the devil did appear to me in the omnibus, last Sunday, when I was going to Liszt's, under the charming features of a young girl, whose blue eyes would have revolutionized your twenty-two cantons, but it was harmless. I continued to read my Sonata. The gentleman who directs my other studies, says that Ralkbrenner and Herz are the great professors of Paris, and that they can do everything upon their instruments. He made me understand that he supposed me to have been in a locality that he called 'The Cottage,' and not with a professor of the piano. I must tell you that Parisians imagine a great many things. Although this gentleman is *fort* in Latin, the word professor applied to the young Liszt, appears to me a frightful syllogism. I find it very stupid that there should be more than one Liszt, not only in Paris, but in the world. I promise you, nevertheless, to go to see Ralkbrenner. Adieu!"

This letter, so delightful to me, has extended nearly over the space to which I ought to restrict myself; but I am not content to close my letter without writing to you of the glorious *rentrée* of the adorable Patti at Les Italiens, and of the engagement of Mazzoleni, the Magnificent, at the Grand Opera. This last is an indescribable felicity to me, for his splendid voice will be a delicious souvenir of music in New York, and the happy hours I have enjoyed with New York artists. Mazzoleni's engagement here has excited much discussion in art-circles; as his reputation is chiefly American, it has been gravely questioned by that class of minds who think that only Parisian art-criticism is authority, and that at no other shrine do they bind the brows of art-devotees with fadeless *immortelles*.

Mlle. Filomena, the young Creole artist, is expanding here in this atmosphere of Art, like a beautiful music-blossom. Her dual talent for the piano and violin excites much wonder. She is out of Paris just now, on a musical tour through the French provinces. I saw in a Bordeaux journal very high praise

of her playing in a concert which she gave in that city. On the piano, she played M. Gottschalk's "Miserere of Trovatore," the grand *cheval de bataille* for youthful prodigies, and upon the violin, Alard's *fantaisie* upon Nabuco.

Mr. Haner, the American pianist, is here, enjoying his *congé* from the musical Conservatoire of Vienna. Mr. Haner is announced to play at the Exposition, Thursday of this week.

Au revoir. CROTLIA.
MUSICAL MODESTY.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

"Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again," is Don Pedro's call, when the confederates are carrying out their scheme on Benedick, in Leonato's garden. But the young man genteelly hums and ha's, is not in voice, is not in the vein, feels he ought not to attempt it, begs to be excused:

O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice
To slander music any more than once.

Don Pedro rejects the appeal, refuses the motion, and renews the call, saying:

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection:—

I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.

Nay, pray thee come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balthazar.—Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Don Pedro.—Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting!

After which punning preliminary, and partial puff preliminary, the real crotchets begin, and Balthazar

Leaves off discourse of disability,
and without further preface, deprecatory or apologetic, strikes up.

When Touchstone and the two blithe pages are well met in the Forest of Arden, his joyous "Come sit, sit, and a song," is at once approved by one page with a "We are for you," and by the other with a "Shall we clap into it roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?" No sooner has Lady Mortimer finished her Welsh song, than Hotspur, who had just declared he would rather hear *Lady*, his brach, howl in Irish, than that lady sing in Welsh, calls upon his wife for a song:—

Hotspur.—Come Kate, I'll have your song, too.

Lady Percy.—Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotspur.—Not your's, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife.

Come, sing.

Again, he bids her. So, this time, rejecting the use of such pretty sarcenet oaths as he bantered her upon, "such protest of pepper-gingerbread," but declining tacitly to adopt his recommendation of "a good mouth-fil-